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Fairyland

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FAIRYLAND

AN OPERA IN THREE ACTS

THE BOOK BY
BRIAN HOOKER

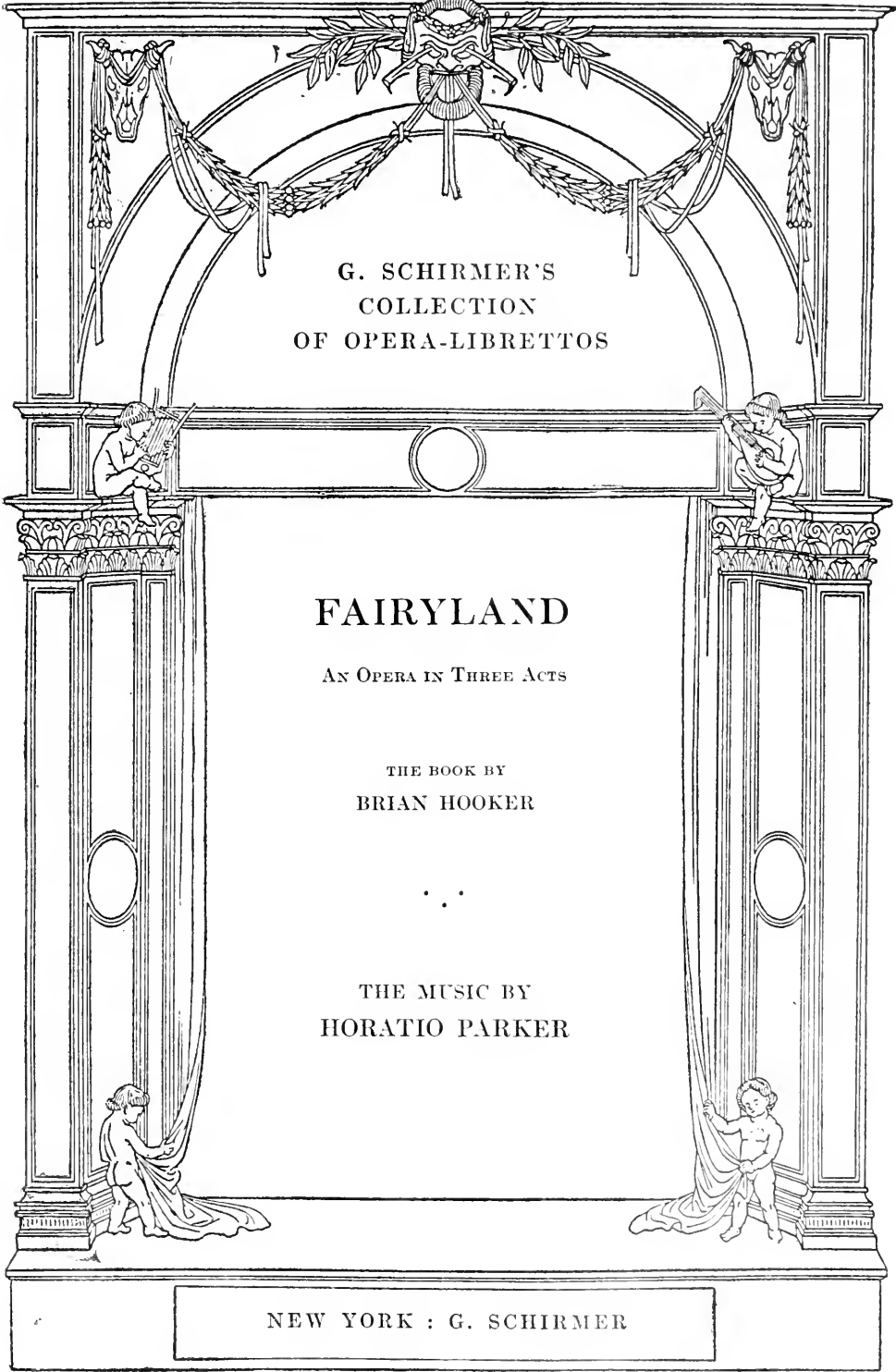
THE MUSIC BY
HORATIO PARKER

NEW YORK : G. SCHIRMER

FAIRYLAND

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FAIRYLAND

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ARGUMENT

Rosamund, a novice, from the abbey balcony beholds the young king Auburn riding across the valley, and falls a-longing for life and for him. But he, scorning the kingdom that has been too easily his own, would fain go a pilgrimage. He leaves his crown, not to Corvain his brother, but to the Abbess Myriel. Corvain therefore steals upon Auburn while he prays before the shrine, strikes him down, and leaves him for dead. But Auburn, reviving, finds himself among Fairies, and within the shrine not Our Lady but his own lady Rosamund; and they two are crowned King and Queen in a vision of Fairyland.

Auburn being gone, Corvain by force seizes upon the kingdom; which Myriel claims also; so each takes tribute from the People, who are grievously oppressed thereby. Rosamund, fleeing from the abbey in search of Auburn, falls into the power of Corvain. Auburn returns to claim his crown again; but none will recognize him for the King; Rosamund knows him only for her Prince of Fairyland; and he, being come back again to earth, knows her not. Myriel, pursuing Rosamund, comes upon the two together. While she and Corvain quarrel for possession of the fugitive, Auburn before all the people interferes, proclaiming himself king, and invoking the magic power of the Rose which he has brought from Fairyland. But the Rose withers before the scornful laughter of Corvain, wherein the People join; Rosamund, renouncing Corvain's protection, is led away prisoner by Myriel; and Auburn is left desolate.

Rosamund, believing steadily in her Fairy lover, is to be burned for witchcraft. Myriel strives to make her repent, persuading her how that her vision had been of Holiness, not of Love; but Rosamund will not doubt. Rosamund and Auburn, being without hope, now wholly remember each other and despise their dream; seeing yet Robin and his People as nothing more than mere peasant clods, who therefore cannot aid them. Auburn single-handed desperately attacks Corvain, who has him seized and bound also to the stake. In that last moment, while the fagots kindle, they hear the drinking-song of the common folk in the tavern, and by that mirth know them for the People of the Hills. The Rose burns in Auburn's bosom like a star, while Rosamund sings the magic song thereof. The scene transforms again into the likeness of their vision, wherein Myriel and Corvain are overpowered by the throng of Fairies rushing in, and Auburn and Rosamund are again set free and crowned in a world that is one with Fairyland.

THE PERSONS

AUBURN—the King; afterward Prince of Fairyland	<i>Heroic Tenor</i>
CORVAIN—brother to Auburn	<i>Bass</i>
MYRIEL—the Abbess	<i>Mezzo-Soprano</i>
ROSAMUND	<i>High Soprano</i>
ROBIN—surnamed GOODFELLOW	<i>Lyric Tenor</i>
CHORUS OF NUNS, MEN-AT-ARMS, and COMMON FOLK (the People of the Hills, who are also FAIRIES)	

ACT I. Before the Abbey. All-Hallows' Eve (*One hour*)

ACT II. The Castle of the King. Noon (*Thirty-five minutes*)

ACT III. The Village. Dawn (*Thirty minutes*)

THE ACTION takes place Once Upon a Time, and within the interval of a Year and a Day.

THE TIME is roughly the Thirteenth Century; THE PLACE, a hill country in Central Europe. These, however, are not intended to locate the story with historical precision, more than in the case of any other fairy tale; but as an affair of scenery and costume and setting, the form in which it meets the eye. For the action takes place in the Valley of Shadows, also called the World: which seen in a certain light is also Fairyland. It is concretely represented as a triangular valley, some two miles on a side, having at one corner the abbey; at another, the castle of the King; and at a third, the village. And the scene is laid at each of these points in turn, the rest of the valley being in each case visible and recognized in the distance.

The visual effect of the production, therefore, is of that mediæval realm of fancy with which Maxfield Parrish, Arthur Rackham, and others have made us familiar. And the transformation by which, at the end of the First and Third Acts, the scene becomes a vision of Fairyland is presented by the sudden change from ordinary stage light to a fantastic and decorative scheme of vivid colors; and by the effect of this colored light upon the scenery and costumes.

ACT THE FIRST

Before the Abbey

All-Hallows' Eve

FAIRYLAND

An Opera in Three Acts

ACT THE FIRST

THE SCENE* represents the left hand corner of a triangular valley. On extreme left, down stage, rise the gray and mossy walls of the abbey; in the midst of which, facing right, is a great door, with a balcony over it. Beyond, the hills slope diagonally back and to the right, so that the level distance of the valley is behind the right side of stage. In the extreme distance, up right centre, appears the village in the opposite corner of the valley. The foreground is separated from the rest of the picture by a cleft or chasm, which runs in a rough zigzag from just behind the abbey to the right front corner of the scene. The path leading from the abbey down and away to the right crosses this chasm by a bridge at a point in front of the distant village (right centre); and to left of the bridge and on the hither side of the chasm stands a wayside shrine, vine-covered, its interior hidden in shadow, facing the audience across the path. Early evening in autumn. Sunset, and yellow light over middle distance. Suggestion of color in the foliage.

The end of the overture runs into the peasants' chorus as the curtain rises on an empty stage. The singing comes softly from off stage in the direction of the village. A few peasants, carrying tools, fagots, etc., come by twos and threes down the hill-slopes to the left, cross the stage, and disappear down the path to the right, singing as they go. The effect is that they are the last stragglers of homeward-bound laborers, following the

greater number who have gone already toward the village, and whose singing is still audible in the distance. Among the last of these, two—an old man and a young, savage-looking forester—speak to each other against the music of the chorus.

CHORUS

In lowly and rude land
Our folk are fain to dwell,
By corn-land or woodland,
Or fallow of the dell;
So we who bear her burden
Will give our mother guerdon—
A fair land, a good land,
Whose children love her well.

THE FORESTER

Stir thyself, Gaffer!

THE OLD MAN

I am not so swift
As once I was.

THE FORESTER

The rest are home by now.
Hark to them!—Art thou grown too old to
sing
And dance on Hallows' Eve?

At this point the CHORUS pauses, so that the next few words of the two peasants are heard. ROSAMUND comes out on the balcony, in the white robes of a novice, and stands looking out over the distant valley, a prisoner dreaming freedom. The two peasants call attention to her.

*Right and Left refer throughout to the right and left of the audience, facing the stage.

THE OLD MAN (*wondering*)

Look there!—

The CHORUS rises again, rather louder, as more peasants pass across the stage.

THE OLD MAN

An angel

Of light on the Tower. Kneel thou! Take her blessing.

THE FORESTER

I will pray for her. She will never dance, nor sing,

Nor love. Thy mercy on Thy saints, O Lord!

He bows his head, still standing. The other peasants have their attention called to ROSAMUND, and in turn call the attention of the audience to her by following the example of the two. THE OLD MAN and one or two others are on their knees; the rest pausing in momentary reverence. But all this is background kept quiet enough to focus the whole scene upon ROSAMUND, the white figure against the ivied wall. THE CHORUS goes right on; and ROSAMUND does not notice the peasants more than as part of the scene. Her gestures are emphatic enough to draw attention, a pantomime of longing for escape into the beautiful world.

CHORUS

By sunbeam and shadow

Her treasury shall shine

With gold of the meadow

And ruby of the vine;

So we that do possess her

Will pray Our Lady bless her:

Sing *Ave* and *Credo*,

And kneel around her shrine.

THE OLD MAN

Saints of the blessed abbey, pray for me,
And bring a blessing on my soul.

As the CHORUS pauses again a THIRD PEASANT comes in from the right.

THE OLD MAN

(the last to rise and turn toward the newcomer)

No need

To spoil a man's prayers.

THE FORESTER

Ay, old holiness,

We must be very careful of thy soul;

Come home before we meet with them that have

No souls.

They start away up right. The rest is mere talking as they go.

THIRD PEASANT

Look at the sun! Is this a time

For prayer? We shall be taken by the elves
If we delay much longer.

THE FORESTER

Let us go!

They go out up right, leaving the stage empty again except for ROSAMUND. The Orchestra shows AUBURN riding across the valley in the distance. ROSAMUND suddenly sees, turns, and leans out over the balcony, stretching her arms toward the sight; then buries her face in her hands. Her action is passionately emphatic. The CHORUS is heard again, more softly.

CHORUS

Unfailing for ever

Her mysteries remain:

The blood of the river,

The body of the grain—

The Autumn of her dying,

Her Winter buried lying,

Whom Spring shall deliver,

And Summer crown again!

The sound of the angelus breaks in on the close of the chorus music. The Orchestra suggests the music of the nuns. ROSAMUND starts, crosses herself, and disappears within. CORVAIN enters, right, by way of the path and the bridge; pauses impatiently before the shut gate, and in a grudging, perfunctory way obeys the message of the bell. As he looks up, he sees ROBIN dancing out of the forest on the left and across the stage above the chasm.

ROBIN (*humming as he goes*)
So we who bear her burden—

CORVAIN
Hold you there!
Fellow!

ROBIN (*pausing on the further side of the chasm, and bowing with elvish and ironical deference*)
Gramercy for thy fellowship,
Good master! Lord, how light these honors fall!
Poor Robin is become the mate of lords,
And fellow to the brother of the King!

CORVAIN
Be done, dog! Tell me, which way went the King?

ROBIN
Shall a dog look what way a king should go?

CORVAIN
Ay, lest the King run forth to bay the moon,
And be lost.

ROBIN
Sir, which king?

CORVAIN
My brother, oaf!
Are there so many?

ROBIN (*seated on the edge of the gulf and counting on his fingers*)

The good sisters here,
They say we have a king in heaven. The folk
In the village yonder, they tell wonders, too;
They say there is a king in Fairyland.
Now of these three to lose one—

CORVAIN
Answer me!
Saw ye the King in the forest?

ROBIN
Sir, I have seen
No man to-day more like a king than thee.

CORVAIN
More like! . . .
(*He makes an angry movement toward the bridge; ROBIN moves nimbly back from the chasm.*)

What now? Come hither.
ROBIN (*warily approaching from his own side of the chasm*)
Nay, my lord,
Not too much fellowship. Look, there is yet
A gulf between us.

(*He tosses a pebble into the chasm. There is an instant's pause while it falls.*)
CORVAIN goes on more quietly.)

CORVAIN
Hearken! Went he not
Clad as a pilgrim, in gray weeds, with staff
And sandal? Would ye know him so?

ROBIN (*with the air of Ananias patronizing an amateur liar*)

Brother,
I have known many seek the Holy Land—
Poor folk, like—us; dry women, lonely men
And such like. But a king!—Why, look ye
now,
'Tis against nature! If we tell that tale,
Men will but say that we have murdered him
For the sake of his crown.

CORVAIN

Dost thou say so,

Villain?

ROBIN

The saints forbid! I only say

We dare not lose him.

CORVAIN

Fellow, must I be

My brother's keeper?

ROBIN

Brother to a crown,

And fellow to a clown—Ay, noble sir,

Or—

(His gesture suggests beheading as the alternative. There is a second's pause, CORVAIN standing rigid with rage, while ROBIN comically watches him. Then ROBIN is seized with an ironical inspiration.)

Aha! See now:—This is Hallows' Eve,
No night for prince or pilgrim wandering,
For whoso seeks the Holy Land to-night
May chance on Fairyland athwart his way.
Good! Say the goblins have him, or the gnomes
Took him to be their king, or he hath seen
A Singing Woman in the wood, and gone
To slumber by her side for seven years,
And wake a madman. There now is a tale
Folk will believe! Say I well?

CORVAIN

Thy long tongue

One day will crop thy longears. Enough! Go,
Rouse the village—

ROBIN

On this night? Holy saints!

Hallows' Eve? Never a soul stirs from his
door—

There be too many abroad that have no souls:
Not for twenty kings!

(Convent bell, and music of the nuns' chant within.)

Marry, here be more

Seekers after lost crowns.

(Going)

CORVAIN

Wait, thou!

ROBIN

Not I—

It is not good to walk too near the throne.—
Give ye good e'en—Brother—and keep ye safe
From them who walk in darkness!

(Nuns' music in the orchestra, and a woman's voice intoning, within the abbey. Against this CORVAIN growls, looking after ROBIN.)

CORVAIN

Insolent!

(turning away down stage)

O brother Auburn, holy brother Auburn,
Whose babe's eyes look between me and my
will—

Whose dreams rise like a smoke across my
way—

How long—

CHORUS OF NUNS

*(within)**In sempiterna saccula.*

A SINGLE VOICE

*(within)**Amen!*

CORVAIN

I shall remember!

CHORUS OF NUNS

(within)

Ave Virgo gloriosa,
Stella maris, mundi rosa.
Peccatorum gratiosa

Consolatrix hominum:
Ave Mater, quae primaevae
Matris mala pellis Evae,
Filium prolata saevae
Genti nostrae Dominum!

(The chant rises suddenly louder as the doors open, and the nuns march forth two and two, bearing garlands; the Abbess MYRIEL at their head, and ROSAMUND, conspicuous by her position and the contrast of her white garments, bringing up the rear. With bowed heads and measured step they move across toward the shrine.)

O dilecta, quam priori
Supernalis dignam thori
Ducent angelorum chori
Paranymphi praemio!
O beata, quae surridet
Ubi creaturam videt
Suae carnis, qui residet
Conditor in gremio!

(As the procession reaches CORVAIN, the ABBESS steps aside from her place and confronts him indignantly. He moves aside down right, between awe and defiance; and the two stand facing each other, as the nuns, without looking up, go on to hang their garlands upon the shrine, each pair kneeling an instant after doing so; then march back, still singing, into the abbey.)

Regis nutrix angelorum,
Da contemptum terrenorum,
Odium in vitiorum
Triste ministerium;
Vanitate solve mentem,
Fac devotam, paenitentem,
Et valentis perferventem
Fove desiderium.

Quando tandem, quando fore
Ut lactanti cum tremore
Sponsus mihi in decore
Paret intra patriam?
Quo jocunda spes amari
Et amando amplexari
Et amplexu consecrari
Ebriavit animam.

(Finally the ABBESS hangs her garland, kneels, then as the last nuns disappear, rises and confronts CORVAIN. ROSAMUND lingers in the shadow of the doorway, watching and listening.)

CHORUS *(dying away off stage)*
O amator amplectende,
Totam me in sinu prende,
Floris gloriae ostende
Ima penetralia;
Per medullam cordis mei,
Modo turpis, modo rei,
Infer caritatem Dei
Quae despexit alia!

MYRIEL *(speaking, as did CORVAIN previously, against a murmur of intoning within)*

Lord Corvain,
This place is holy, and this eventide
Appointed for such joys as are not thine.
What is thy will?

CORVAIN

Little enough, good Mother:

NUNS *(within)*

Amen!

CORVAIN

—Only to seek your saintly king,
Auburn. *(with evil emphasis)*
If he be long away, my will
May count for something more. Look to it.

MYRIEL

Thou?
Surely, then we shall have a king indeed!

CORVAIN

What, have ye no more news of him than I,
His brother? Ye be women still—some one
In this unmanned communion of Christ's
brides

Might so far sin as to have heard his voice
Singing, or caught the gleam of his red hair
Across the valley?

MYRIEL

I have no word of him,
Nor need for other evil words of thine.

*(She turns contemptuously away. ROSA-
MUND comes timidly to meet her.)*

Farewell.

ROSAMUND

Mother—

MYRIEL

Rosamund—thou?

ROSAMUND

The King—

Is he lost?

CORVAIN *(roughly)*

Ay, or gone to kneel by tombs,
And feast his soul on saints' bones.

ROSAMUND

(fondly, half to herself, taking no notice of him)

I have dreamed

Such a one should be king!

*(MYRIEL is about to answer; but CORVAIN,
with immediate jealous admiration, in-
terposes.)*

CORVAIN

In Fairyland,

Maybe. Ha, ha, ha! He is half minstrel, half
Priest, altogether fool. The rest is man.

ROSAMUND *(innocently to CORVAIN, without the
least notice of his coarseness)*

I never saw a man so beautiful—

So George against the dragon might have gone,
Or Michael, thundering Lucifer down from
heaven.

(MYRIEL expresses silent disapproval)

Standing alone upon the balcony
Yonder, and gazing out into the world
Where the sun crowned the hills with gold, and
all

The shadows filmed with silver, and the songs
Of merry-weary folk returning home
Blew down the blossomy breeze, through the
dull hum

Of bees and croon of doves around the towers—
I saw one riding on a great red steed,
Glorious in golden armor, with his brow
Flung upward in the sunbeams, and his hair
Burning over him like an aureole,
Pass like some brave archangel, clanging
down

The mountain, over the river, through the
vale,

Into the forest—

CORVAIN

So ho! Stole away!

*(Neither woman pays any attention to him.
He is left quite out of the scene, covering
his chagrin with a parade of contempt.)*

MYRIEL

Child, were thine eyes upon thy beads, to see
So fondly?

CORVAIN

(half aside, half trying to break into the scene)

Bah!

MYRIEL

There is a gulf between
Thee and the world.

ROSAMUND

Therefore the world seems all
Wonderful as a dream of Fairyland.

CORVAIN *(same business)*

Fairyland!

MYRIEL

Have a care lest thou raise up
The dust of carnal dreams against the light,
And gazing on bright clouds, despise the sun.

ROSAMUND

I do not love to look upon the sun—
Only by his light to behold all else
And find all fair . . . Mother, I know
this world
Turns ashes; yet—how shall I dream of heaven
If not by every sign God shows us here?
The sweet songs and rich blossoms and kind
eyes,
The glory and the gladness and the power—
Are these evil?

CORVAIN (*maliciously delighted*)

Answered! Well answered! See
The saint speechless! Pretty one, live, laugh,
love
To-day. To-morrow—

MYRIEL (*sternly facing him*)

Ay—to-morrow. . .

(*She turns deliberately to ROSAMUND,
obliterating CORVAIN*)

Child,

Thou hast thine answer. This is he who loves
Earth!

ROSAMUND

I have sinned—

(CORVAIN, *with elaborate unconcern, swag-
gers over to the bridge, and stands
looking up stage.*)

MYRIEL

Go seek forgiveness. Pray
The white saints wash thee pure of earth, and
show
Thy heart the way to heaven.

ROSAMUND (*moving toward the door*)

Where lies the road
To Fairyland?

CORVAIN

(*suddenly pointing behind them, off to the left*)

Lo, where he comes!—

MYRIEL (*with startled anger, hurrying ROSA-
MUND, who tries to follow CORVAIN'S
gesture*)

Obey!

ROSAMUND

I pray thee, let me wait to see his face,
Noble and pure, the knight I saw but now!

MYRIEL

There is a devil in thee. What, shall I
Be answered?—

(*In the next few lines there is no interruption:
MYRIEL goes right on, and CORVAIN
speaks while she is speaking.*)

CORVAIN

Archangel!—

MYRIEL

Go!—

CORVAIN

Prince of dreams!—

MYRIEL

What, stubborn? What, unwilling?

(ROSAMUND *is fairly driven off into the
abbey. MYRIEL turns upon CORVAIN,
as AUBURN enters from the left above
the chasm, crosses over by the bridge, and
comes down right.*)

CORVAIN

Lo, where he comes!

(*Calling to AUBURN as he approaches*)

Too late! Here was a pretty lady, fain
To follow thee to Fairyland!

AUBURN

I love

A lady in the Holy Land.

(*There is not a shadow of priggishness about
him; he is simply brimming with en-
thusiasm which keeps him imperturbably
and even humorously good-natured: a
poet, not a puritan; no ascetic, but an
idealist.*)

CORVAIN (*scornfully*)

Ay, ay,
Holy Land, Fairyland, it is all one—
Meanwhile, who shall be king here?

AUBURN

Is the name

Of king so great a matter?

CORVAIN (*dryly*)

So they say.—

(*Turns to MYRIEL. The completeness of his contempt for AUBURN is almost kindly.*)

How think ye? Did the Lord mistake and send
The saint into the world before the king,
Or did the women blunder, and change the
babes?

MYRIEL (*frozen stiff*)

We have heard enough blasphemy.

AUBURN

Nay, what harm

In a word? We know him well for one whose
love

Covers her shame with laughter.

(*He turns to CORVAIN*)

Take the crown

In God's name, brother; and with all my heart,
Be thou—

(*He holds out the crown to him. MYRIEL interposes.*)

MYRIEL

Not so! Hold!

AUBURN (*to MYRIEL*)

Shall I hold so dear

This painted picture-book of shadow and
sun, (*a gesture*)

This game of bare-the-head and bow-the-
knee. . .

These golden toys? Ye call me dreamer. Why,
These are dreams. I outgrow them.

MYRIEL

Dost thou crown

A dog with dreams?

CORVAIN

Or an abbess? Come, give up

Thy toys to thy nurse, child—thy dry nurse.

(*with slow emphasis*)

AUBURN

Nay,

To a brother, if he will.

MYRIEL

Never to such

A brother!

CORVAIN

Go and pray, woman. Leave men
To deal with men.

MYRIEL (*to AUBURN*)

A picture-book of souls;
A game of life and death; a toy whereby,
Since the beginning of the world, strong hell
Hath triumphed over heaven.

CORVAIN (*indicating the crown*)

Here is that

Wherefore, since the beginning of the world,
Men have slain one another. Shall I yield
This to her?

MYRIEL (*gesturing toward the shrine*)

Not to me; to one who was
A woman, and now reigns throned over all,
Mother and maid and queen.

AUBURN

Let it be so!

And over all our land shall blow the flowers
Of Eden!

CORVAIN

John-a-Dreams!

AUBURN (*without pausing*)

Women shall bear,
And men labor ungoverned. There shall be
No law but love, no crown save on whose brow
Burns the Star of the Sea, and in her heart
The red Rose of the World!

CORVAIN (*dryly*)

Ay, ay—she died
Some years back. Let be, there are crowns
in heaven
Already. Also there are maids alive
That may be mothers. In the Devil's name
Let the kings reign and the saints pray!
Come home,
Take a wife, rule thy kingdom, be a man!

MYRIEL

In the Devil's name?

CORVAIN (*losing patience*)

O, God's, Mary's, the saints',
The goblins'!

(*He turns to AUBURN with a certain
dangerous quietness*)

Fool, I would give life for this,
Ay—or take life. Beware!

AUBURN

(*No pause. MYRIEL is already speaking.*)

Nay—

MYRIEL

Be thou ware
Of fire from heaven! Avoid! We have endured
Overlong. Begone from us, ere that Power
Whose word I hear remove thee from His sight
For ever. Give back!

(*As CORVAIN retreats from her across the
bridge, she turns to AUBURN.*)

Hither! Thy sword, my son,
Thy sword! Break down the bridge!
Break the bridge down!
Brother from brother will I set apart,
Blood from blood, saith the Lord!

(*The bridge falls. In the hush, the nuns'
music is heard within the abbey. AU-
BURN turns to MYRIEL, with bowed
head, offering her the crown.*)

AUBURN

Mother, now

Thy blessing.

(*She gives it silently, by a gesture, while a
single voice within is heard intoning the
Invocation. Then she motions the crown
away toward the shrine.*)

MYRIEL

Not to me; to Her.

NUNS (*within*)

Amen.

(*MYRIEL goes slowly into the abbey.
AUBURN crosses to the shrine, holding up
the crown before it. The sunset has
faded into dusk.*)

CORVAIN (*watching him*)

Holds the world such another John-a-Dreams?
(*He disappears in the darkness up right.*)

NUNS (*within*)

Ave Mater, quae primaevae

Matris mala pellis Evae,

Filium prolata saevae

Genti nostrae Dominum.

(*It is by now twilight. A faint mist rises
out of the chasm and films the scene.
AUBURN crosses to the shrine, and stands
with bowed head before it. His soliloquy
which follows is heard against the singing
of the nuns off stage: that is to say, it is
not interrupted for interpolations from
the NUNS' CHORUS—that is a mere
convenience of printing.*)

AUBURN

Mother, my more than mother, thou whose eyes
Out of all azure skies look down on me—
Whose hand is in the cool brush of the breeze
Over my brow, whose voice hums lullaby

Where brooks laugh in the sun, whose robe
flows green
Along the springtime—

NUNS (*without*)

Quando tandem, quando fore
Ut laetanti cum tremore
Sponsus mihi in decore
Paret intra patriam?

AUBURN

Lo, now even I,

A prince of dreams, lay my poor glory down,
Lady, before the darkness of thy shrine,
While I go forth to find thee. O let me learn
The beauty painted here in shadow and sun;
The love that is the meaning of this dream
Wherein we toss, longing; the harmony
Where all earth's dissonances close and cling
Satisfied, full of sleep.

NUNS (*without*)

O amator amplectende,
Totam me in sinu prende,
Floris gloriae ostende
Ima penetralia.

AUBURN

Rose of the World!

Lift up mine eyes from loving dust, and let
Thy glory swim before me as a star
Guiding my happiness to Bethlehem!
Lift up my heart, Rose of the World, and show
Thy wonder opening as a rose unfoldeth
Her deep heart under the dawn—Star of the
Sea!—
Rose of the World!

(*During AUBURN'S invocation, CORVAIN
clanders stealthily out of the gulf, and
creeps up behind him. In the deepening
gloom, his coming might hardly be
noticed but that he is heralded by a faint
growl of thunder from the ORCHESTRA.
As AUBURN sings his closing lines,
CORVAIN half draws his sword; changes
his mind and returns it to its sheath;*

*then grasps the crown and swings it
high over the head of the kneeling figure,
just as AUBURN sings the last phrase.
At the same instant a flash of lightning
makes the picture stand out in momen-
tary relief.*

CORVAIN strikes. AUBURN falls forward
senseless. Almost at the same moment,
the Rose within the shrine breaks into a
point of red light, and in the distance the
music of the Fairy chorus is heard against
the singing of the NUNS. CORVAIN
shrivels back, staring at the red light.
As the fairy music grows nearer and
louder, he runs wildly hither and yon,
headed back each time by a momentary
gleam of light from the heart of some
flower; and at last, he flings away the
crown and rushes off among the rocks
on the right.)

CHORUS OF FAIRIES (*off stage*)

When the summer day is done,
And the saints in heaven sleeping
Leave the earth in elfin keeping,
At the setting of the sun—
Waken, Little Folk, awaken!
Here are fears to be forsaken,
Treasure given, pleasure taken;
Follow, follow, every one!

(*Two FAIRIES with brooms enter right and
left, and cross the stage, sweeping away
the mist. Then four others with wands,
who advance to the shrine and kindle
their wands at the red light within, then
go about lighting up little colored lights
in all the flowers. The scene brightens
into a colorful and unearthly radiance;
but the interior of the shrine is still dark
save for the small red glow of the Rose.*)

FAIRIES (*entering*)

When the breezes breathe in tune,
And the light of wonder hovers
Round the hearts of happy lovers
At the rising of the moon—

Fill and thrill them with the power
And the passion of the hour,
That embosom and embower
All the mystery of June!

(The chasm fills with a mass of misty light, over which, as over a solid substance, the FAIRIES troop on the stage, singing and dancing. The whole background of the scene is a cloud of colored light.)

FAIRIES

When the veils of earth are torn,
And a yearning and a yearning
Set the rose of beauty burning
In the hush before the morn,—
Throng around them, where the golden
Joy hath drowned them, and the olden
Wonder crowned them unbeholden
In a Fairyland reborn!

(At the end of the chorus, ROBIN enters with a great cup in his hands. Standing by the shrine and before AUBURN, he addresses the CHORUS.)

ROBIN

Ye who are free of worlds beyond the portal,
Honor with me the dream wherefrom we
spring,
The mortal joy that maketh us immortal:
Health to our Queen and King!

CHORUS

Our Queen and King!

(He raises the cup so that the light from the shrine catches the wine in it, drinks, and scatters the last drops upon AUBURN, who rises slowly to his feet, looking about amazed. As he turns toward the shrine, the interior thereof is suddenly illuminated, disclosing instead of the image of the Virgin, ROSAMUND enthroned. Before her the magic Rose grows out of the earth, its blossom just below her breast, and the light of it reddening from beneath

her white robe and her face. She and AUBURN look in wonder upon each other.)

AUBURN

Lo, that one beauty, fair beyond all seeming,
More than mine eyes may compass or receive—
Surely of this my life was only dreaming,
And yet—I live!

CHORUS

Fairyland!

ROSAMUND

Lo, the one joy too dear for disobeying,
More than my heart may fathom, lest it
break—
Surely for this my dreams were only praying.
And yet—I wake!

CHORUS

Fairyland!

AUBURN *(coming before her, awestricken)*

Art thou not she that is crowned queen in
heaven?

ROSAMUND

I have no heaven but thou art lord thereof, . .
No crown, saving the rapture thou hast given.

AUBURN

O love, my love!

(He kneels at her feet. She bends above him, her hands upon his head.)

CHORUS

Fairyland! Fairyland! Fairyland!

ROBIN

(in the centre of the stage, to the left of the shrine: the CHORUS grouped around the edges of the scene)

Rose of the world, they are lost who would find
thee,

Star of the sea, they grow weary and weep,
Running before crowned with thorns, and
behind thee

Drowned in thy light on the deep;

Yet shall they come through mistake and
misnaming

Where thou art holy at last, being whole—
Having a rose for thy flesh, and a flaming
Star for a soul.

Yea, thou shalt lead them to wonderful places
Ere they discover how laughter redeems
Beauty, and shame, looking dreamward, em-
braces

Love, the unconquered of dreams.
Heaven, earth and hell shall they range un-
forbidden,

Strong in command of the glory that grows
Out of the dust, understanding the hidden
Fire in the rose.

CHORUS

Crown them! Crown them! Crown them!

(AUBURN is seated beside ROSAMUND. The FAIRIES throng about, crowning them with garlands and strewing flowers before them. This goes on during the duet following, which is sung against the interpolated stanzas for the chorus.)

AUBURN

Now it is won: in the hour of proud surrender,
Leans my queen from her throne thrice
glorified,

Down upon mine, undenying, divinely tender,
Bending the eyes of a mother, the eyes of
a child, the eyes of a bride.

CHORUS

Where lies the road to Fairyland? Over the hills
of dawn,

Under the seas of sunset, yonder on every hand,
Whithersoever a soul shall follow the one star far
withdrawn

At the end of the world, is the way unfurled
that leads to Fairyland.

ROSAMUND

Now it is done: as a song that songs remember,
Cometh my lord to his own inheriting,
Over the heart made pure for his bridal
chamber

Folding the arms of a lover, the arms of a
man, the arms of a king.

CHORUS

What shall we find in Fairyland? Whatever the
tales have told,

Whatever the songs have longed for, whatever
the children planned;

Folly deeper than wisdom, beauty brighter than
gold,

Laughter and tears from all the years in the
light of Fairyland!

AUBURN, ROSAMUND, ROBIN

Now it is known: the kingdom of fancy,
founded

Firm in the flesh that hungers, the soul that
knows,

Throned upon clay, with fire as a robe
surrounded,

AUBURN

Crowned with the light of heaven—

ROSAMUND

The light of a dream—

ROBIN

The light of the Rose!

CHORUS

Who shall be king in Fairyland? He that will
not forgo

Eyes to see and ears to hear and a heart to
understand.

Who shall be queen? A child and a woman.

Verily they shall know

Heaven in earth and earth in heaven and
both in Fairyland!

CURTAIN.

ACT THE SECOND

The Castle of the King

Noon

ACT THE SECOND

THE SCENE represents a courtyard or paved terrace in the castle of CORVAIN, which is situated upon a precipitous rock in that corner of the valley which is to the right of the abbey. The distance, as before, shows the village in the opposite corner of the valley; but in this case to left of the centre; and the diagonal ridge of hills runs back from right to left. Moreover, since we are now raised high above the level of the valley, the distance appears only upon the back drop, and the middle distance is invisible. On the extreme right is the front of the main building, a high Gothic porch running some two thirds of the way up stage; with a doorway under the shadow of it. The upper third of the practicable, from the upper corner of the porch straight across to the left, is raised to the same height as the porch itself; its upper edge is bounded by a balustrade, beyond which the top of the outer castle wall is just visible, as being lower down the slope. This raised portion comes down to the main stage level in a broad flight of steps which runs along its whole length, and meets at right angles a similar flight of steps running down the whole front of the porch: so that the general effect is of a shallow amphitheatre, all of clean bright stone. There is not a green or growing thing in sight, except in the distance. Entrances and exits are to left and right of the raised upper portion, and through the doorway in the porch. There are two or three rigid stone seats along the parapet and another down left centre on the lower level. A small but rather ornate chair stands up right centre upon the raised portion. Full sunlight throughout the act. At the curtain-rise, CORVAIN is standing at the head of the porch steps as though just come

out of the building. He is royally dressed, a gorgeous mass of flowing color; and the change in his manner since the first act is at once apparent. He is now secure in everything he had coveted; and he carries it off with an air of lazy and sardonic supremacy—the dignity of the gorged tiger. A group of MEN-AT-ARMS are standing about him, one of whom is in the act of delivering a message from some one off stage to the left.

MAN-AT-ARMS

. . . Therefore they pray my Lord—

CORVAIN

(lazily, without waiting for him to finish)

Go bring them in.

They shall be heard.

(He moves deliberately up to the parapet and looks out, as the MAN-AT-ARMS goes off, left.)

When we met last, we looked
On yonder valley from the abbey-side.
Now we are here.

(He seats himself in the chair.)

Surely they shall be heard.

(The soldier returns at once with ROBIN and half a dozen miserable looking peasants, among them THE FORESTER and THE OLD MAN. ROBIN comes forward and kneels before CORVAIN, who recognizes him with malicious triumph.)

ROBIN

Justice, lord King!

CORVAIN

How now—fellow?

ROBIN (rising and indicating the peasants)

These folk,

Thy people—

CORVAIN

Not my fellows? Lord, how light
These honors fall! What seek my—people?

ROBIN (*angry and humiliated, but with some
tincture of his grotesque humor*)

Oh,
A trifle. Here! (*beckoning*)

This woman had no bread,
Wherefore her babe died. That old dog,
being tired

Of honest hunger, stole. See, his gray hair
Hides no ears. Yonder rascal, having lost
Roof, corn and cattle, shot the King's deer.

Look—
No more archery!

(*showing stump of the man's right hand*)

Sir, we are broke down
With too much honor. One crown is enough—
We are too frail to bear the weight of two.

CORVAIN

Well—I forgive them.

ROBIN

My lord, Myriel,
Claiming our land for God's kingdom, declares
Herself His treasurer. Good—Thou art
king—
Must we pay twice?

CORVAIN

Nay surely. That were foul wrong.
Once is enough. Pay me.

ROBIN

Sir, we have paid
Her already.

CORVAIN

So! What is that to me?
Go to her.

ROBIN

To her?

CORVAIN

Would ye have your king
Kinder than God?

ROBIN

God help us! Wilt thou press
Wine out of dry grapes?

CORVAIN (*yawning*)

I will even try.—
Give ye good-den—Brother.

ROBIN

Brother! Beware
Thine own brother!

CORVAIN (*motioning to the soldiers*)

These good folk weary me.
Answer them.

(*Before his last word is out, the MEN-AT-
ARMS have sprung forward, and are
driving the PEASANTS back. Their
protests and the retorts of the MEN-AT-
ARMS form a confusion of sound which
lasts while the PEASANTS are driven
clear off stage to the left.*)

CHORUS

(PEASANTS)

Colin, Tibbal, Bartlemy!

(MEN-AT-ARMS)

Out, ye beggars! Dogs, go hang!

(THE WOMAN)

Will ye turn on us who sprang
From your own blood?

(FIRST MAN-AT-ARMS)

Ay, will we!

(PEASANTS)

—Colin, Tibbal, Bartlemy—

(THE OLD MAN)

—Are ye not ourselves?

(SECOND MAN-AT-ARMS)

(*presenting his spear*)

—Marry,
Not by the length of this!

(THE FORESTER)

We be
Dogs, eh? Beware of claw and fang!

(MEN-AT-ARMS)

Out, ye beggars! Dogs, go hang!

(CORVAIN, meanwhile, leans back in his chair with his feet thrust out in front of him, calmly enjoying the proceedings. Against the dying away of the choral disturbance off stage, the orchestra announces ROSAMUND. CORVAIN looks off left with indolent curiosity.)

What now?—Marry, here be more
Seekers after lost kings.—

(The soldiers return, bringing ROSAMUND, footsore and afraid. CORVAIN starts as he sees her, and turns upon the soldiers.)

CORVAIN

Lo, my sweet saint
Of the abbey!—
(to the soldiers)

Let her go! When angels fall,
The better for the world.

(ROSAMUND comes hesitatingly down the steps toward him. The soldiers stare above, curious and pointing.)

CORVAIN (to the soldiers)

Leave us!

(They disperse right and left. ROSAMUND approaches CORVAIN.)

ROSAMUND (timidly)

My lord,
Where lies the road to Fairyland?

CORVAIN (amazed and amused)

The road
To— Pretty one, so call whichever way
Was thine to follow hither.

ROSAMUND

Nay, but I seek
The King in Fairyland.

CORVAIN (humoring her)

He is found. I
Am the King hereabout.

ROSAMUND

Thou dost not know.

(Coming up to him, with a sort of despairing confidence.)

Sir, I beseech thee of thy gentleness,
Make no jest of me. I have— I have known
The prince of faery in a waking dream,
And I will follow him to Fairyland
And find him, and delight him, or I die.

CORVAIN

When the nuns find thee, thou shalt surely die.
But for me—thou art safe with me. Nay,
then,
Beautiful child, look upon me, look well—
Dost thou not remember?

ROSAMUND

Surely. Corvain,
The King—

CORVAIN

Thy king.

ROSAMUND (with something like horror)

Thou!

CORVAIN (confidently)

Look again—

(ROSAMUND, between hope and horror, perceives the mere brotherly resemblance. She is certain this is the wrong man, and yet—)

ROSAMUND (fascinated)

Like—ay,
Strangely like—yet—thou art not the same—
There is no wonder in thine eyes.

CORVAIN

Who knows
His dream by daylight? Who hath known in
dreams
Anything unremembered? Come to me!
Now I will show thee all of Fairyland
That is true! Thou hast found thy prince a king!

(ROSAMUND suddenly breaks from her hesitation, and puts out her hands to him.)

ROSAMUND

Touch me—

(He catches both her hands and draws her to him. THE ORCHESTRA buries a slight suggestion of AUBURN under a harshly emphasized suggestion of CORVAIN. Instantly, she shrinks and struggles away.)

No, no, it is all wrong, all wrong!

Thou dost not know.

CORVAIN (coolly)

I know this: Myriel

Will burn thee—burn thee with fire.

(watching her)

Standing so

The lash behind thee and the love before—

Choose between that flame and this! Sweet,
am I not

Thy master? Surely thou hast found thy dream.

(She turns to fly. CORVAIN raises his hand, and the entrances fill with his MEN-AT-ARMS. ROSAMUND glances desperately round, then wilts upon the bench, left centre.)

They who come here, abide here, sweetheart.

Wait

(He turns away, then pauses at the door.)

Thine own time. Thou art safe with me.

Think well!

(He goes into the castle, after dismissing by a gesture the MEN-AT-ARMS.)

ROSAMUND

O far away, beyond all human need

The songs and flowers and crowns of Fairyland!

Why must the pain seem truer than the joy—

Ever the wrong so brave, the hope so frail,

Ever the day so long, the dream so far!

And yet—Am I so faithless? Heart of mine,

Have I not known? Surely these hollow
towers

Will melt in melody down, and these vain
stones

Blaze into bloom, and over the dark of the
world

The dawn of Fairyland rise up like fire,
Hearing what songs the Little People sing!

(She is on her feet, exalted with the memory of her vision. The song that follows is musically an attempt to remember the Song of the Rose at the end of Act I.)

CHORUS (off stage)

Fairyland! Fairyland! Lo, a miracle, a song!

ROSAMUND

In a garden glad and green

Blooms a rose, unknown, unseen,

Ruby-bosomed like a flame,

Holy, like a holy name;

All the world hath part and right

In the garden's rich delight:

Each may gather all he knows—

I alone have known the Rose!

Through a world of waste and wrong

Flows a benison of song,

Pouring on the multitude

All their souls can bear of good;

Bringing them who know and care

Beauty, laughter, pain and prayer—

Each his own realities—

Mine the singer's lips and eyes!

(Breaking the hush at the close comes a crackle of men's laughter off stage, left.

ROBIN enters, more interested in ROSAMUND than in what is behind him. An

instant later AUBURN follows, pausing up left to speak to the soldiers off stage. He

is dressed as a pilgrim, but noticeably tattered and disheveled; and the hair

which straggles from under his cockle-hat is nearly white. Except for his face and

gestures, which remain incongruously young, he appears supernaturally aged

and altered; like an old man retaining all but the surface of youth, or a young

man who had contrived to put on age like

a garment. The Rose is fastened in the bosom of his gown—a perfectly ordinary stage flower with no light in it.)

AUBURN
Peace! Am I not your king?
(laughter again, off stage)

ROBIN *(to ROSAMUND)*
That is not like
The songs our mothers sang of Fairyland.

(She has eyes only for AUBURN, who slowly turns and comes down.)

ROSAMUND *(passing ROBIN)*
Fairyland!
(AUBURN comes down the steps, facing her. She recognizes him as if he were unchanged.)

—Thou art come!

(She rushes forward, as if to throw herself into his arms; but his blank stare meets her like a blow. She stops transfixed, while he speaks.)

AUBURN
Lady most fair,
Beautiful stranger—

ROSAMUND
Oh, my Lord, thou—thou!
Thou dost not know!

(It is less a reproach than a sheer cry of pain, contrasted with her cry of joy a moment since. She stumbles blindly toward him, groping with her hands, and sinks at his feet. AUBURN turns to ROBIN.)

AUBURN
Who is this?

ROBIN
One who knows
Thee: a strange creature.— Now if, thou be king,
Marry, what king?

AUBURN
Your own king. Auburn. Who
Should I be?

ROSAMUND
He is king in Fairyland!

ROBIN
Maybe. Not at home here—nor here.
(tapping his forehead) Good sir,
We have all seen Auburn!

AUBURN *(to ROSAMUND)*
What dost thou know
Of Fairyland?

ROSAMUND
Nothing now.

AUBURN
Ye shall know
More, having seen what wonders I have known.
Children of earth, think ye this blossom
bloomed
In any earthly garden?

ROBIN
I have seen
Such a one flowering in a wayside hedge,
Reddening before dim altars—ay, sometimes
Even in kings' crowns.

AUBURN *(to ROSAMUND)*
What dost thou say?

ROSAMUND
Not like
The Rose of Fairyland.

ROBIN
See there, now!

AUBURN
Go!—
Are your ears faithless? Then believe youreyes!
Rouse the village, gather my people here
And ye shall see, deep in the heart of the rose,
The light of Fairyland burn forth like fire,
And hear what songs the Little People sing
To crown their own!

ROBIN

I cannot call to mind

That Auburn wrought miracles—

(His half-ironical unbelief is too much for

ROSAMUND. *She does not believe anything herself, just now; but that any other person should venture to doubt AUBURN throws her into a fine feminine rage. She advances imperiously upon*

ROBIN.)

ROSAMUND

Out! Away!

Thou earth! Thou scornful nothing! Who art thou—

Dross of the furrow, drainage of the vine,

Waste water flung away into the mire—

Thou. . . judge. . . him! Begone! Do his bidding!

ROBIN

Nay,

Here is one who believes! I go. . .

(He turns up right.)

Take heed,
Brother—roses have thorns. Ay, and crowns too.—

It is not good to walk too near a throne!

(exit)

(ROSAMUND reacts from anger to timidity and comes hesitatingly to AUBURN, who is looking after ROBIN.)

ROSAMUND

Dost thou not remember?

AUBURN *(full of his own concerns)*

Am I so changed?—

Lo, since I woke into the world again,
None remember! My people mock at me—
No matter. They shall know soon.

ROSAMUND

Thou and I—

Were we not crowned in Fairyland?

AUBURN

I have been

King in Fairyland. Also I am king
Here. Dost thou know?

ROSAMUND

I have dreamed such a one

Should be king. Tell me.

(He is seated wearily on the stone bench, down left; she at his feet, looking up at him. Against AUBURN's account of his vision is an orchestral reminiscence of the abbey music. To this MYRIEL enters up left, in the gorgeous purple and gold of the mitred abbess, and comes forward to the head of the steps up centre; the NUNS gathering like a black cloud up left, as the scene goes on. AUBURN and ROSAMUND, with the stone seat screening them, are utterly unconscious: she intent upon him, and he upon his dream.)

AUBURN

While I prayed, there fell

Darkness; and out of darkness brake like flame

A glory of strange joy, and all around
Fairies dancing, and a red rose that burned
With a star for the heart thereof—

ROSAMUND

Was there

No queen?—

AUBURN *(almost in a trance)*

She sat above me, throned on flowers
And crowned with stars, all heaven in her eyes,
And on her breast the Rose of all the World—
(half rousing himself)
Thou art here, at my feet.—
(relapsing into his reverie)

And thereupon

Suddenly clanged the abbey bell.—The fire
In the heart of the rose faded, and there came
Lightning, sharp as the wail of women's prayers,
And thunder, like the laughter of strange men,
And broke the vision.

(ROSAMUND raises her eyes and arms to him, as MYRIEL, with the last lines of AUBURN's dream, comes down where she can see them, and pauses an instant astonished, with a backward sweep of her robes. AUBURN and ROSAMUND, looking into each other's eyes, are for an instant oblivious of her. In that instant a point of red light appears in the Rose, and as if lit thereby, a faint light of recognition in AUBURN's face. The next instant MYRIEL has broken the spell.)

ROSAMUND (*her hands behind AUBURN's head, as the Rose flashes*)

Dear, look upon me—

Look well!

AUBURN

Rose of the World!

(MYRIEL towers above them, with uplifted arms, the shadow of her falling in the form of a cross between them. Instantly the light in the Rose vanishes, and there-with the recognition in AUBURN's face.)

MYRIEL

Forbear!—

(ROSAMUND shrinks back to the left. AUBURN rises.)

ROSAMUND (*to MYRIEL*)

Hast thou

Found me so soon?

MYRIEL

Let her not escape!

(*This is spoken to the NUNS. The circle of them closes in upon ROSAMUND like two black wings; but as she rises from her crouching position and stands erect, they shrink away from her, rustling and whispering. MYRIEL has turned to bend reverently before AUBURN as he rises in protest; and her next words are to him.*)

Nay,

Father, she is beyond thy charity—
A torn veil, a soul ruined, a lost nun;
Waste not heaven upon such!

AUBURN

Myriel,

Dost thou know me?

MYRIEL

I know thee for a saint
Out of the Holy Land, having beheld
In a vision the very Mother, crowned
Among angels—

ROSAMUND (*half aside*)

Ah, but she does not know
What we have known!

AUBURN

Thou shalt know more of heaven
Soon, having seen Fairyland.— Even now
The King comes. Presently I shall be king.

(*He goes up stage and stands looking out over the parapet, up right centre. CORVAIN appears in the porch, a group of MEN-AT-ARMS following through the doorway. He takes in the situation of ROSAMUND's capture with one triumphant glance; but does not see AUBURN at all.*)

CORVAIN

Heaven's angels come to help us!

(*to the soldiers*) Abide my sign;
We do not draw swords on a flock of doves,
We spread a net around them.

(*The MEN-AT-ARMS disappear. CORVAIN comes down the steps to MYRIEL. Speaking with sarcastic deference.*)

Good Mother,
This place is earthly—carnal; and this hour
Appointed for such joys as are not thine:—
What is thy will?

MYRIEL

Nothing more. Here is one
Who fled from us. We have found her.

CORVAIN

Not so!

Ye have lost her. It is I who have found.
She is beyond your danger.

MYRIEL

Corvain, thou art King
While God waits. Beware!

CORVAIN

Meanwhile, the King reigns!

Meanwhile, I do my will! Ye have a scourge
There, Mother, not a sword—a lash, to drive
This pretty trembler into my arms, a spur
To prick her on to pleasure. Look upon her
Shrinking there—look upon me, and rage to
know

Ye cannot work us harm. Cloister yourselves
From the bloom of all forgone joy, whose grave
Rankles your consecrated flesh. Toil, pray,
Dream, and close your eyes! I have opened
mine:

I see how richly we may drink who dare,
What crowns long to be conquered; and I see
Only a fallow drouth of women here,
Hating and yearning.

MYRIEL (*quietly, to the nuns*)

Let us leave him now.

Take her.

(*She moves toward the exit up left. COR-
VAIN raises his arm, and the gates again
fill with soldiers.*)

CORVAIN

Ay, take her!

MYRIEL

Corvain!

(*They face each other; she sacredly enraged, he
sneering and triumphant. There is an
instant of tense pause. Then the ap-
proach of the CHORUS is indicated in the
ORCHESTRA. And with that, AUBURN, as
having suddenly seen that which he*

*awaited, turns and comes down between
MYRIEL and CORVAIN, with a bearing
of absolute authority.*)

AUBURN

Abide my sign:

It is not yours to say what ye will do;
I am the King.

(*Tableau of astonishment: MYRIEL and
ROSAMUND showing by pose and gesture
what each conceives AUBURN to be; while
the ORCHESTRA and CHORUS show the
nearer approach of the crowd. One stare
at the apparition before him, and COR-
VAIN is smitten with the sudden super-
stitious panic of the unbeliever surprised.*)

CORVAIN

To me, Men-at-arms! Ho,
King's men!

(*The MEN-AT-ARMS rush to range them-
selves behind and around him, leaving
clear the entrances right and left.*)

AUBURN

Behold! My people follow me!

(*As he speaks, the CHORUS burst in tumult-
uously by both gates, filling the raised
platform up stage and crowding forward
down the steps: a peasantry driven des-
perate, a sheer mob mad with imminent
revenge; a mass of snarling faces and
tossing hands that clutch rude weap-
ons—scythes, flails, mattocks—moving,
threatening and expectant.*)

CHORUS

Flame shining, blood flowing,
And life plowed under year by year—
The seed of your sowing
Hath ripened its load of pain;
The drudge of yoke and manger
Ye goaded into danger;
Aroused, overthrowing,
Is avenged again!

From watching, from weeping,
 From days of shame and dreams of fear,
 We rise to the reaping,
 We rush to the standing grain!—
 Our King, returned with wonders
 Of sorcery, and thunders
 Of heaven in his keeping,
 Shall restore, and reign!

CORVAIN (*in a gasp*)

Sorcery!—

AUBURN

Brother, I will take my crown.
 Thou hast not done well therewith.

(*He faces him with an assurance too perfect
 for any violence. CORVAIN, half re-
 covering, tries to carry it off with an as-
 sumption of ridicule.*)

CORVAIN

Brother!—Crown!—
 Look at him! Listen to him! Ye redeless
 fools,
 Have ye ever seen Auburn?—

(*He is not very convincing; but the crowd,
 always sensitive to scepticism, are just
 enough taken aback to show it. They
 become suddenly many-headed, peering
 and wrangling and gesticulating. AUBURN
 does not deign to look around. Perfectly
 sure and unmoved, he slowly draws the
 Rose from his breast and displays it.
 ROSAMUND, MYRIEL and the CHORUS
 cry out together their several sense of
 the situation.*)

AUBURN

Watch, and be still.
 There is no need for you to understand;
 It is enough that ye obey.

ROSAMUND

My Prince
 Of Dreams, at last!

MYRIEL

Father, a miracle!—

Pull down the strong man, pull down the
 strong man!

CHORUS

Auburn! Auburn! A song! a rose! a fire!
 Sorcery! A spell! a song! a fire! Corvain!

(*This comes all at once, a confused outcry of
 expectation following close upon AU-
 BURN'S last words. He now steps a few
 paces down centre, a little below the rest; the
 scene focussing upon him as he holds up
 the Rose before him with both hands, and
 raising his eyes to it, begins his invo-
 cation.*)

AUBURN

Rose of mystery, Rose of all the World,
 If ever from the world I followed thee
 Over the hills of dawn, beyond the plains
 Of sea and desert breathless beneath noon,
 Through midnight forests whispering dread-
 fully,
 Till I came to thy kingdom:—bring thou me
 Home now to mine! Shine forth! So they
 who deny
 Thee shall behold thy heart burning like fire,
 And hear what songs the elfin people sing!

(*A moment's pause follows this climax—
 just not quite long enough to make the
 audience think that the failure of the Rose
 to light up is accidental. Then there is a
 snarl of brass and drums in the OR-
 CHESTRA against which CORVAIN throws
 back his head and laughs aloud. The
 CHORUS at once catch up his laughter,
 echoing it from part to part; and an
 orchestral crescendo carries the whole
 up into the sound of a great gust of
 wind which roars across the stage. The
 petals are blown from the Rose and
 scattered on the ground; and AUBURN
 stands rigid, grasping the bare stem
 and staring into nothingness. Every
 figure but his own is in motion. The*

CHORUS *come forward and to the right, mocking and threatening him. Presently he sinks down into a sitting posture among the scattered petals, gathering them up and looking at them with a kind of mechanical wonder. He neither hears nor sees anything else. ROSAMUND throws herself down beside him, trying to see into his face.*

The chorus lines which follow are distributed among different parts and different individual singers, as in the case of the ejection of the peasants at the beginning of the act: so that the effect is of a confused storm of laughter and mockery.)

CHORUS (*divided*)

Ha! ha! ha! ha! ho! ho! ho!

Look at him! Corvain! Corvain!

May the King forever reign!

Ah, I said so! I said so!

How now, wizard? Do your worst!

Bah, I knew it from the first!

Old wives' tales have turned his brain.

Look at him! Corvain! Corvain!

He'd bewitch us if he durst!

Come away! Ay, let us go;

We have heard his magic strain,

Seen how fairy roses blow—

Ha! ha! ha! ha! ho! ho! ho!

(The ridicule of AUBURN throws ROSAMUND into a wholly unselfish rage. She springs up from his side and turns upon the CHORUS, railing against their laughter: which, however, continues uninterrupted from the point where CORVAIN starts it until after the whole CHORUS is off the stage.)

ROSAMUND

Have done! keep silence, clowns! Have your dull dreams

Beheld Fairyland, that ye dare to raise
Riot and mockery against your King?

What have ye known? Dogs baying at the moon,

Moles crying out against the morning star!—
Still shameless? Ay, laugh! So your breed is known.

Is a man pure? Laugh! Is a woman foul?

Laugh! When a child's pain wonders out of hell,

Or lovers' joy calls down new souls from heaven,

Laugh! Slap your knees and love yourselves!
Laugh on!

(Her advance drives them back up stage, still mocking and mowing, and brings her face to face with CORVAIN, who is by now thoroughly enjoying himself. He holds out his arms to her triumphantly; and with that, she wilts out of her anger into personal fear, and shrinks away toward MYRIEL. CORVAIN'S angry and contemptuous gesture bids them begone; and they follow the CHORUS out up left, the NUNS closing around them. The sound of laughter dies away off stage. The stage is empty, save for AUBURN, still crouched among the fallen petals; CORVAIN, standing over him; and the impassive MEN-AT-ARMS in the background.)

CORVAIN

Hail, John-a-Dreams! . . .

(AUBURN looks vaguely up at him.)

What, is the name of king
So great a matter? So ho!

(He turns away up the steps, right. At the top, he pauses.)

Give ye good-den,
Brother!

(He goes into the castle. The doors close.)

AUBURN (*softly*)

I have been king in Fairyland.

SLOW CURTAIN.

ACT THE THIRD

The Village

Dawn

ACT THE THIRD

THE SCENE represents an open, grassy space in the midst of the village. Parts of houses just appear to right and left; but the main group of them is up stage beyond the practicable and on a lower level, so that the valley is visible beyond them, with the abbey and the castle upon the corners of the hills to right and left in the extreme distance: their position and the identical arrangement of the topography showing that we are now in the village which appeared in the distance of the two preceding scenes. Most prominent among its buildings is the tavern placed in the centre of the upper edge of the practicable, its doors forming the entrance there.

Sufficient trees and shrubbery appear about the edges of the scene to set it in a frame of foliage not dissimilar in coloring and composition to that of Act I. A heavy stake is set in the ground just below the centre.

The light is at first the dusk of early morning; afterwards changing through sunrise to full daylight; and at the end transformed suddenly into the unnatural light and color of the fairy vision.

At the curtain rise ROSAMUND is discovered fastened to the stake by a chain about her waist: leaving her free for gesture and a certain amount of motion, but without suggesting any possibility of escape, or appearance of being tethered rather than bound. Four soldiers up stage keep guard over her. Immediately after the curtain-rise four others coming to relieve this guard are heard singing off stage to the left: the ORCHESTRA connecting this opening with the opening of Act I.

SOLDIERS (off stage)

Good Saint Aloys, one winter's night,
Walking in ghostly meditation,
Came upon a lady brave and bright:
Strove to achieve her soul's salvation;

Bade her beware of earthly bliss,

Turn, and amend her, and be shriven—

(They break off as they enter. The business of relieving the guard is gone through in brief pantomime. One of the relieved guards brings a couple of the newcomers down to ROSAMUND, and displays her to them, holding a horn lantern callously up to her face. The ORCHESTRA connects this with the pause between stanzas of the opening chorus of Act I, the reverence of the passing peasants to ROSAMUND upon the balcony. Then the relieved guard go up out left, catching up the song as they go.)

SOLDIERS

Bade her beware of earthly bliss,

Turn, and amend her, and be shriven.—

“Father,” quoth she, “because of this

Be thou rewarded, and—forgiven.”

Out of her heart she plucks a rose

Lighting the dark with holy splendor.—

Man never heard and Heaven knows

Whither away his steps attend her.

(The ORCHESTRA recalls AUBURN's ride across the valley in Act I. The abbey bell is heard in the distance and the sunrise just begins in the sky. MYRIEL enters up right, sombrely and simply dressed. She is halted by the guard, one of whom holds up the lantern to her face. Thus recognized she passes down to ROSAMUND. In the ensuing scene, there is a change evident in both. ROSAMUND is at once stronger and more tolerant than before; and MYRIEL has set her whole resolute will upon being charitable.)

MYRIEL (to the soldiers)

It is I.

(They let her pass. She comes to ROSAMUND, who makes no acknowledgment of her presence.)

Daughter, it is I:

(ROSAMUND moves only her eyes)

No more

Thy judge; only another woman, come
To help and hear.

ROSAMUND

There is no help.

MYRIEL

Dost thou

So hate me?

ROSAMUND *(quietly)*

I have thought of many things
This night. Mother, thou in thy holiness,
And the dear sisters, with their quiet eyes
Reflecting heaven—even the snowy saints
We pray to—even—

Ah, but they never knew
What I have known! Other things, better
things—

It may be I am not fit to choose heaven—
Be it so: *I choose!*—Therefore ye must now
Destroy; not hating me—fearing my dream.

MYRIEL

Fearing!—I have sinned—

*(She crushes her pride back into charity;
and with that, there comes clearly to
her the sense of what ROSAMUND'S
vision might mean—what it would mean
to herself, in terms of her own holiness.
She interprets it so with the sheer confi-
dence of inspiration.)*

Daughter, be thy name

Blessed among women! In my blind hour
I said thy faith came to thee out of hell.
Forgive. I know now. Child, thy dreams
have seen

Heaven—only, being a soul unborn
Out of the body, thou hast named the Love
Past Understanding for the love we know,
Calling Paradise Eden. . .

ROSAMUND

Thou dost not know,
Mother. It was not heaven.

MYRIEL

Am I so changed?

I was a woman ere I was a nun—

How should I not understand? O, look well!
See how it might be, thence how it hath been,
And so the truth!

ROSAMUND

It is true that I love
The Prince of Fairyland.

MYRIEL *(with desperate enthusiasm)*

It shall not be!

God will not let so much be given in vain;
Thou shalt not look downward, seeking for
Him:

Burn thy wings in the star of Bethlehem!

(very earnestly and more quietly)

Little sister mine, thou art near to death,
Balancing between worlds. I promise thee
Life, absolution, sainthood.

ROSAMUND *(dreamily)*

All for me?

I had rather remember.

MYRIEL

As the lost

Remember!—

*(She controls herself again, and turns away
up stage with wholly honest regret.)*

Farewell. I can only be

Thy judge.

*(She goes out, right. The light is by now
that of sunrise. The ORCHESTRA,
following ROSAMUND'S imagination as
before, recalls her first account of
AUBURN: "I saw one riding on a great
red steed," from Act I. The soldiers
notice AUBURN, creeping in right.
The first, about to challenge him, is*

restrained by the others, as about to see good sport. AUBURN produces a sword wherewith he tries vainly to free ROSAMUND.)

AUBURN

Chains!

(He hews furiously at the stake itself; the sword shatters in his hand. While he stands helpless, the soldiers break into pantomime of laughter, and go out into the tavern, leaving one on guard, who remains up stage quite out of the scene.)

ROSAMUND

Wherefore art thou come to me?

AUBURN

Nothing. A jest for fools. Thou shalt not die While I live.—It sounds bravely, does it not?—No matter.

ROSAMUND

Dost thou know me?

AUBURN

The one soul
On earth believing me; my one friend here
Where all people mock at me; and my one
Love now when nothing more remains of me
Worth loving. What else have I ever known?
I would have crowned thee, when I was a king;
I would have saved thee, when I was a man.—
No matter. I have grown old in the dark,
And lost the dawn.

ROSAMUND

And thy queen?

AUBURN

I am here

At thy feet. I remember no more. Let
The dream perish!

(He kneels before her. She looks down at him happily.)

ROSAMUND

Art thou so changed?—My lord,
I have yielded my harvest; I have found my
need.

There is nothing more.

AUBURN *(raising his head)*

Touch me!

(She rests her hands upon his head. The ORCHESTRA emphasizes ROSAMUND'S account of AUBURN in Act I and AUBURN'S invocation. At the climax he rises slowly, and they gaze upon each other wondering. The ensuing lines of recognition are sung together in duet.)

Do I

Dream again?

ROSAMUND

Do I not remember?

AUBURN

Thou,

Crowned with stars, throned among roses—

ROSAMUND

Thou

Riding in golden arms under the sun—
Auburn, my king!

AUBURN

My Queen of Fairyland!

BOTH

What hath befallen us?

AUBURN

We have seen one light
Whereof death is the shadow. Still, still the
same,
And thou and love are one. Flower of my
Spring,
Have I seen thee in Autumn? Moon of my
dream,
Dost thou shine again? I am nothing more
Than a poor pilgrim who have lost my palm

On the way to the shrine; yet if it be
Thy will, take these bare hands. Smile
down, and so
Lighting the windows of my heaven for me,
Bring the wanderer home!

ROSAMUND

We have seen one light,
Whereof death is the shadow. Lord of my joy,
I have known thee in sorrow. 'Sun of my
dawn,
Make me thine again, and I mind no more
The small pain that shall make darkness of me
Than songs of little children far away,
Singing to call me home.

(By this time it is broad daylight. The village wakes up; and the CHORUS come in here and there, by twos and threes, moving about the stage; most of them finally going into the tavern. SOLDIERS appear and set up two high thrones, up right and left (for MYRIEL and CORVAIN). AUBURN goes about from group to group of the peasants, seeming vainly to urge them to rebellion. They are amused, incredulous, embarrassed. The ORCHESTRA suggests the opening chorus of Act I, as ROBIN comes in up left, and is stopped by AUBURN.)

ROBIN *(entering)*

So we who bear

Her burden—

AUBURN

Hold you there, good fellow!

ROBIN *(pausing)*

Who

Calls me Goodfellow?

AUBURN

One who hath need of thee.

ROSAMUND

Auburn, the King!

ROBIN

Dost thou say so?

AUBURN

Say thou

So, lest we all perish. If it be true,
Auburn reigns; if it be a lie, no less
Corvain falls, and the people crown their king.

(This piece of practical politics impresses ROBIN as decidedly a good idea, and his respect for AUBURN visibly awakens; but having all the peasant's sensitiveness to the reality of his own honor, he is a little irritated too. He assumes a grotesque air of putting the two through an examination.)

ROBIN

And the Rose? And the Song?

ROSAMUND

Dreams.

ROBIN

It may be

We have our dreams too. Shall a dog forge
crowns

Out of the gold of the moon? Shall a blind
mole

Honor the morning star? See now, ye believe
Neither yourselves, nor us, nor your own
dream.

ROSAMUND

Art thou so bitter?

AUBURN

Nay, it is not that;

They live by dreams; we others die of them.
(to ROBIN, with the wholly honest courtesy of an equal)

Thy pardon.

ROBIN *(astonished)*

Thou art strangely like a king!

ROSAMUND

Dost thou say so?

ROBIN

Not I. If My Lord will—

(He gestures toward the tavern; and AUBURN assenting, the two start off together. During this dialogue, the pantomime has continued. The SOLDIERS and the NUNS have been marching in and grouping themselves about the two thrones. AUBURN, halfway up stage, turns back for a last word to ROSAMUND; and at the same time CORVAIN and MYRIEL enter left and right. So that as AUBURN moves up stage again, he encounters CORVAIN and a line of SOLDIERS blocking the way. ROBIN has just escaped them and gone into the tavern, from which sounds of revelry begin to be audible.)

CORVAIN

Patience awhile, good Brother. What is thy will?

AUBURN *(quietly desperate)*

Nothing. A little longer, and my will Might have been more.

ROSAMUND

He is the King!

CORVAIN *(deliberately)*

So? I

Am still king hereabout. Our mother keeps Her king in heaven. Mayhap it were as well Thy king should go and reign in Fairyland, Lest we faint under three crowns.

MYRIEL

Well dost thou Know he is not the King. What hast thou done With Auburn? Out of consecrated ground His blood cries out upon a brother! Man, Dost thou think I do not know?

CORVAIN

Too late now, Mother. Why not have cried murder before I caught out of thine hand this golden toy

Wherefore kings have been slain? Well dost thou know

Our Auburn lies in consecrated ground! Whoso digs deep enough may find his bones Under your abbey!

(The counter-charge leaves her momentarily speechless with indignation. CORVAIN goes on, dangerously triumphant.)

Lord, what a coil! Brother From brother set apart, a king discrowned, A pretty lady burned for loving—all For God's glory! Well, I will do my share— Take him!

(This last is to the SOLDIERS, who at once advance upon AUBURN.)

AUBURN

First I will do mine.

(After one desperate glance around, he suddenly wrests the heavy crozier from MYRIEL, and with it furiously attacks CORVAIN. CORVAIN is struck down, half stunned; and the SOLDIERS overpower AUBURN just in time to save him.)

MYRIEL and the NUNS

Sacrilege!

CORVAIN and the SOLDIERS

Treason, ho!

CORVAIN *(alone, as he rises)*

Bind him yonder!

(to MYRIEL) Enough! thou Hast thy victim, I mine.

(AUBURN is chained to the stake beside ROSAMUND and to her left. The SOLDIERS pile fagots around them. MYRIEL presently comes down to ROSAMUND.)

MYRIEL

Daughter, believe There is not any anger in my heart Against thee. Put away thy bitter strength

And receive pardon—or, if not for thyself,
Remember this poor mad soul thou hast drawn
Down to thee. Put away thy bitter joy,
And save him.

AUBURN

Dear, would I live so?

CORVAIN

Nay, save
Thine own life, pretty one! There is yet time
Despite all dreams, dry women, and dead men.
What, stubborn? What, unwilling? Presently
The sparks crack, and the little dancing flames
Lap the lithe limbs of thee, questioning all
Thy beauty—then the fire towers and clings—
oh,

A hungry lover!—pillowing thy white pain
In downy-bosomed clouds, holding the last
Wild leap of thee helpless, till thy life shines
In the red heart of a great rose.

ROSAMUND

(utterly unshaken, almost amused)

Auburn,

I will tell thee a secret: he is a fool, this king—
He thinks we are afraid.

*(There is a muffled shout of laughter from
within the tavern, as CORVAIN turns
away.)*

AUBURN

And then our wise
Mother: she thinks we need heaven.

*(Another howl of laughter from the tavern,
covering MYRIEL'S pantomime of in-
vocation.)*

THE NUNS

Amen.

MYRIEL

Ave Virgo gloriosa!

*(As the NUNS sing the following, MYRIEL
and CORVAIN assume their seats. The
SOLDIERS are preparing to light the
fire. AUBURN and ROSAMUND are*

*interested only in the growing under-
current of hilarity within the tavern,
which disturbs the chant; and in so doing,
they call the attention of the audience
thereto.)*

THE NUNS

Domine, propone ducem
Crucifixi ferre crucem
Per tenebras et in lucem;

*(The fagots are ready, and a SOLDIER
approaches with a torch. The Drinking-
Song begins to be heard within the tavern.
The chant continues.)*

Aut nolentem pertinere,
Domine, ne te videre
Defendatur, miserere.

*(The fagots are lighted. At the first flicker
of flame, the Drinking-Song bursts out
full force, drowning the chant, which
presently gives place to it: so that whereas
the first stanza of the chant is heard
alone, the last stanza of the Drinking-
Song is so heard.)*

CHORUS *(within the tavern)*

Ye lads of beggary, lords of birth,
And brothers about the bowl,
Come join the mirth of your mother Earth,
And pass her soul

Round, round, and round again—
Time your trouble was drowned again—
Jollity followed and found again,
And hearts made whole.

Her frozen breast was a rose of spring
Or ever your woes began;
So laugh your best, and be king by king
And man by man *(while years go)*

Round, round, and round again—
Time your trouble was drowned again—
Jollity followed and found again
By him who can!

Then think upon her, and sing her honor,
 And drink to her fair renown,
 Till flowers loom up in the blooming cup,
 And stars bow down (*to the ground, so*)

*Round, round, and round again—
 Time the Devil was drowned again—
 Jollity followed and found again,
 (And throned again, and crowned again)
 With wine's own crown!*

(The smoke and fire are spreading around the stake; yet not so much as to conceal the two figures there from the plain sight of the audience. The fire-music in the ORCHESTRA is the patter of the Fairies' entrance in Act I. From the first catch of the drinking-song, ROSAMUND has suddenly recognized the Fairy magic in the peasants' mirth; and as the song goes on, she is rapt into full understanding how the common folk are the Fairies after all, and the world one with her dream. Of the two, AUBURN is the still and desperate martyr; ROSAMUND is transfigured beyond any thought of death.)

ROSAMUND

Hearken: the song!

AUBURN

Belovèd, we have drunk one
 Cup of red wine together—one more now,
 And then— Fairyland!

(He is standing rigid, looking only at her, and clutching mechanically at the withered Rose in his breast. ROSAMUND lays her hand upon his. At that touch, the Rose suddenly blooms and lights up within as at first. Instantly the doors of the tavern fly open, disclosing a tableau of ROBIN and part of the CHORUS grouped in a scene of revelry under brilliant light: ROBIN upon a table, with the same great cup in his hand which he bore in the first Fairy scene; the others with uplifted arms around him.)

ROSAMUND

Look—the Rose!

THE NUNS AND SOLDIERS

The Rose!

(The dry stem in AUBURN's hand is a burning blossom. The others are transfixed, staring at it. ROSAMUND throws back her head and breaks into the Song of the Rose. As she sings, ROBIN and the CHORUS come out of the tavern, waving their cups. The lights change as in Act I into the wild color of the Fairy vision.

The CHORUS, now Fairies in the unearthly light, keep pouring in. MYRIEL and CORVAIN shrink from their thrones before the advancing multitude, and fall back down left and right; while the NUNS and SOLDIERS give way before the crowd of Fairies with their cups and flowers. The effect of all this is not that of a struggle, but of an overpowering spell whereto there is no resistance: so that ROSAMUND's big solo is not disturbed, but as it were illustrated, by the stage effect. This action goes on through the whole time of her singing.)

ROSAMUND

Rose of the World, thou art every one's own.
 Whosoever

Wanders the garden shall wear thee and
 bear thee along
 Under the bosom of joy, on the crest of
 endeavor

Blooming, a blush and a melody, blossom
 and song;
 Still, when the kisses are done, when the battle
 is over,

Burning before him, beyond him, alone and
 afar—
 Light in the heart of the saint; in the heart of
 the lover

Fire; in the child's heart, a star.

Star of the Sea, thou art known: of thy gold
is our treasure.

All who have fought for thee, sought for thee,
under the sun,

Fearing strange gods, bearing old pain, obey-
ing new pleasure—

Surely their sorrows are many; their joys
are as one.

Ever an earth more unearthly, a heaven more
human,

Body and soul of desire in immortal alloy,
Dreams in the sword of the man, in the womb
of the woman—

One hope, one beauty, one joy!

*(The transformation is complete. ROBIN
comes out before the stake, holding his
cup aloft.)*

ROBIN

Health to the King and Queen!

CHORUS

Our King and Queen!

*(He drinks, and casts the last drops of wine
upon the fire. It vanishes, and the chains
fall.)*

CHORUS

Crown them! Crown them! Crown them!

*(AUBURN and ROSAMUND are momentarily
lost in the crowd of Fairies as ROBIN
turns to the others. During his next
four lines, the thrones are brought down
and placed side by side near the stake, and
AUBURN and ROSAMUND robed glorious-
ly and seated therein. The Fairies are
grouped around them; MYRIEL and the
NUNS further to the left, CORVAIN and
the SOLDIERS further to the right and
ROBIN beside the thrones.)*

ROBIN

Ye whose blind power is melted into mirth,

Whose holiness is now a sin forgiven:

Knowing not heaven, what have ye known of
earth?

Knowing not earth, what can ye know of
heaven?

CHORUS

Fairyland! Fairyland! Fairyland!

*(By now the final tableau is arranged, and
the scene proceeds to an end as in Act I,
without movement.)*

AUBURN, ROSAMUND, ROBIN

Now it is known: the kingdom of fancy,
founded

Firm in the flesh that hungers, the soul that
knows;

Throned upon clay, with fire as a robe sur-
rounded,

AUBURN

Crowned with the light of heaven—

ROSAMUND

The light of a dream—

ROBIN

The light of the Rose!

*(Against this is sung the CHORUS following:
so that the whole comes to an end to-
gether.)*

CHORUS

Where shall we hide from Fairyland? We who
are woman-born:

A music of God's making to the word of man's
demand?—

Never an ear too dull to hear the call of the Elfin
horn,

Nor an eye so blind but it shall find the way to
Fairyland!

How shall we dwell in Fairyland? We who are
dust and fire,

Glory and gloom interwoven, a dark and a
shining strand?—

One in the pain we remember, one in the joy we
desire,

Waking on earth, sleeping in heaven, dream-
ing in Fairyland!

CURTAIN.

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